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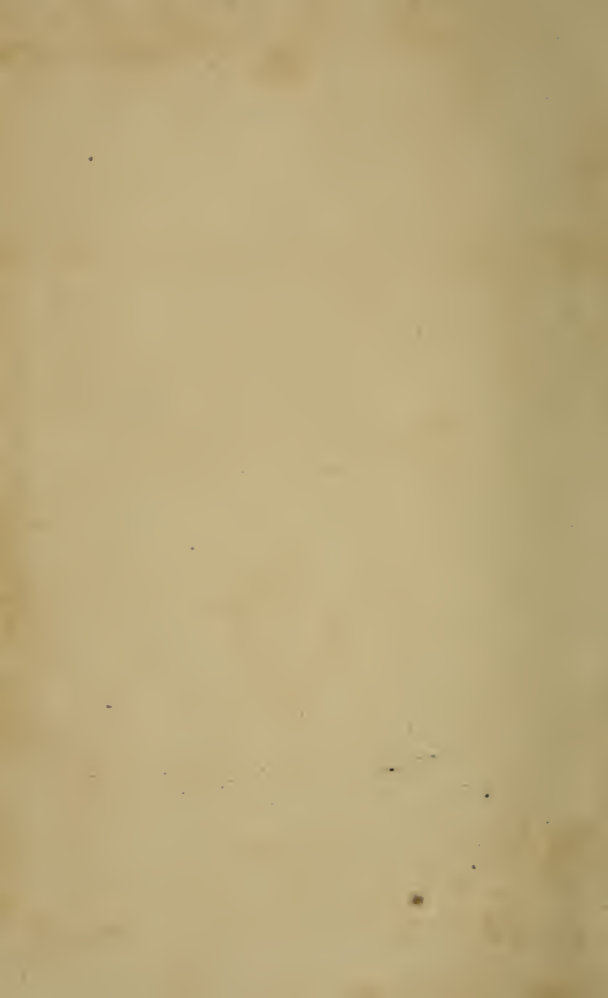
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The child's guide to heaven

Sauford H. Smith.



THE

CHILD'S GUIDE TO HEAVEN.

BY

EDWARD PAYSON HAMMOND,
AUTHOR OF "LITTLE ONES IN THE FOLD," ETC.



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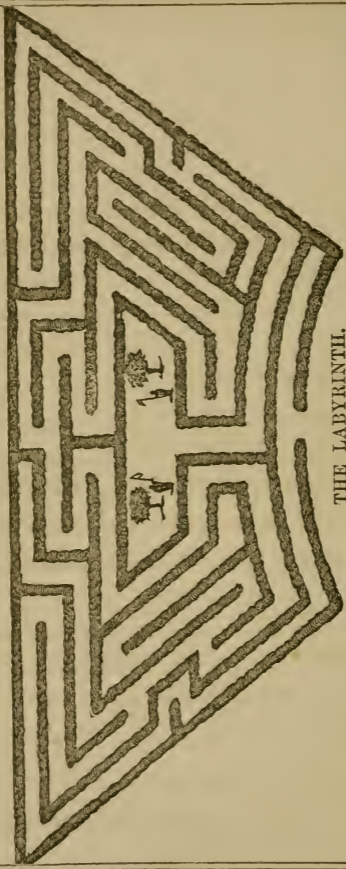
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THIS book for little ones is a report of an Address delivered by Rev. Mr. Hammond before one of the United Children's Meetings, during the great awakening in the city of Rochester in the spring of '63, when it is believed that hundreds of those in the tender years of childhood were led by the Holy Spirit to see themselves as lost sinners. and to accept of Christ as their only hope of heaven.

It was officially reported, at the Sabbath-School Teachers' Convention, of New York State, held in Troy, that one thousand and one, from the sabbath-schools in and about Rochester, have since been examined and received into the visible fold of Christ.

This volume is sent forth with the earnest prayer that it may be blessed as the means of leading many others to a saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus.



THE LABYRINTH.

THE CHILD'S GUIDE TO HEAVEN.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

IN the grounds of Hampton Court, twelve miles below London, is a labyrinth, in which Henry the VIII., more than three hundred years ago, used to wander about for his amusement. I suppose you have never seen a labyrinth, so I will show you a picture of this very one, which I brought with me across the stormy Atlantic. Were you to study

it a little you would find it very easy to get into, but far more difficult to get out of.

One beautiful afternoon in autumn, after spending hours among the picture-galleries in the palace, and visiting the room where Oliver Cromwell parted for the last time with his lovely daughter, I wandered away into the park, among the delicate light-footed deer, and came to this labyrinth.

I saw people entering it, and heard them say they could find their way out easy enough, and I, too, was led to attempt it. It was very easy to go in a long distance; but when I turned to find my way back, it was a different matter; whichever path among

the high hawthorne hedges I took, I soon reached its end. I could not even find the people, whom a little before I saw entering this strange place. I seemed to walk miles, and yet to be no nearer the end. It was getting dark, and I began to fear I might have to lie down upon the cold ground for the night. All this time a kind man had been standing upon a high tower near by, waiting for me to lift my eyes to him, and ask him to guide me out. I quickly said,—

“Dear sir, will you please show me the way out of this dark place?”

“Oh, yes!” he replied, and with a long stick he soon helped me to thread my way to the green lawn again.

How much time and anxiety I might have been saved, if I had only taken this man for my guide out of this winding puzzle! He seemed so glad to help me, he made me think of the dear Jesus, who always stands ready to guide lost sinners in the way to heaven. *His* words, you know, are, "I am the way and the truth and the life." Let us all see if we can find that verse. Yes, here it is — John xiv. 6: "Jesus saith unto him, I am the way and the truth and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me." But have you ever felt, my dear children, that *you* were lost in the dark ways of sin, and that you could not find the way to heaven without the help of Jesus, who

died on the cross that he might lead you home to the mansions above. If you have told *one lie*, or had *one wicked thought*, then you are surely lost in the dreadful labyrinth of sin, and you will never get out without the help of Jesus.

And yet some of you have never really asked him to be your Saviour and Guide, and you are every day going farther and farther away from him. In Rome we followed a guide with a lighted taper down into the Catacombs, which, like this labyrinth, wander off in all directions under ground. A little before, a young man left the guide, and was soon out of hearing. Search was made for him, but it was

all in vain. Days and weeks passed away, and at last nothing but his bones were found. How closely the very thought of it made me cling to our guide. This young man did not expect to be lost, but he never saw the light of day after he left that guide. And I am afraid that some of you will be lost, and never see the light of heaven. I know you never will, if you do not come to Jesus, and cling close by his side. As that guide in the Catacombs of Rome held a light for us, so Jesus will give you the light of the Holy Spirit all your journey through, if you will but pray to him to save you from sin and be your guide. Will you ask him to-day? He loves

you, and wishes to take you by the hand and lead you along the shining path to happiness and glory. Will you let him? "Just now?" And sing with joy "Jesus take me, just now, Jesus guide me, just now."

A few days after my visit to Hampton Court, as I was passing along the streets of London, I fell in with a crowd of anxious people, who were gathered around a little girl on the sidewalk. She had wandered away from her home. One object after another had allured her along, until, as she began to look up and around to see where she was, she found she was lost. All was strange to her. She had been running in different directions, but

could not find the way to her father's house. And as I saw her she was beginning to cry. Her tears were all in vain, for none of us knew the way to her house. At length a kind gentleman came along, who at once knew her, and pressing his way into the crowd, he took her by the hand, saying,—

“I know the little girl; I will take her home!”

The tears of the child were soon brushed away; for she believed that this good man would take her straight to her father and mother.

But during the past few weeks I have seen hundreds of children, in Utica, awakened to find that they were *lost* and in need of Jesus, who, a few

days before, were as careless and thoughtless as was this little girl in London, before *she* found she was lost; and I have seen them weeping as though their hearts would break. In a day or two many of them had hold of Jesus' hand, and their little hearts were filled with joy.

Only a few days since I found a little boy about eight years of age, in one of these seats at the children's inquiry meeting, sobbing aloud. Said I,—

“What's the matter, my dear little fellow?”

“Oh, dear! I'm lost! I'm lost! and I can't find Jesus! Oh! my wicked heart! How can I get a new heart? I have been so wicked! I have never

loved Jesus at all! I thought I loved him, but now I know I never did. Will he take me?"

"Oh, yes!" said I; "he says, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.'" I tried to tell him how Jesus died for sinners just like him. At length we kneeled down in one of the pews, and, in a low tone, we prayed together, and the little boy asked God to take away his wicked heart, and help him to love the dear Jesus; and that little boy, I believe, found *Jesus* to be "*the child's Guide to heaven,*" and he is here to-day, with a smiling face and a singing heart.

If, indeed, he is following the loving Saviour as his Friend and Guide, you

will see a change in that boy's life. If he has hold of Jesus, the first link of the "golden chain," he will find the second link to be, "holiness," and the third, "happiness." Yes, he will be a better and a happier boy.

This little boy's face, to-day, like many others here, is lit up with a radiant joy that is far brighter than that which shone from the face of the little girl in London, when on her way home, and I trust the reason is, that he has, by faith, a strong hold on Jesus. I have no doubt, some of the parents here to-day scarcely believe that their children are enemies of the dear Saviour; perhaps they have never found out by experience that the Bible is

true, when it says "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." I pray that they may learn, as many of you have, that it is a very wicked thing not to love that dear Jesus who "first loved us." Here is a letter from a little boy, whom I found, only a few weeks ago, in a children's inquiry-meeting, in Brooklyn, weeping and asking how he could get a new heart. He says, "*I thought I loved Jesus, but found I was a great sinner.*"

I will read it to you, and I trust the dear Christians present will be lifting up their hearts to God, that all here may find what great sinners they are, to reject the loving Saviour:—

“DEAR MR. HAMMOND,—I was always in the habit of coming to Sunday-school, and I thought I loved Jesus, until you came and told us about him; and I found that I was a great sinner to reject that loving Saviour, who suffered so much for me. At the first meeting, I did not care much, until a kind lady came and asked me if I loved Jesus; I did not make her any answer, for there were other boys in the seat with me. So she sat down and talked with us a long time, and said she would pray for us, and it was then I commenced to feel that I was a sinner, and if I did not repent of my sins, I could never enter heaven; and when I went home, I asked God to give me

a new heart, and make me to love that Saviour who died for me; and when I got up off my knees, I felt so happy that I could not help singing. But still I did not say anything, for I thought the boys would laugh at me; and you said we ought not to be ashamed of Jesus, for if we were ashamed of him, we could not be his lambs. So when I went home, I prayed to God to help me, and not be ashamed of Jesus. He has answered my prayer, and has given me a new heart, and I do not think I will ever be ashamed of him again. I feel very happy now, since I have found Jesus. There are other boys and girls who have found Jesus; and oh! I do love to be at our little prayer-

meetings, for I think that when we get to heaven, we will be far happier. I love to read my Bible, now, and before I found Jesus, I never thought of it, except when I was in Sunday-school. But I love it now, and I will always love it; and I love to pray to Jesus for others and myself. Pray for me.

“Your young friend.”

You see how happy this dear boy is, now that he has found Jesus to be “*the child’s Guide to heaven.*” He says he asked God for a new heart, and he gave it to him, and he was so happy he could not help singing. Can some of you tell me what a new heart is? (Up fly dozens of little hands.) Well, what is it?

One little boy answers,—

“It is a singing heart.”

“And what else is a new heart?”

Another answers,—

“It is a praying heart.”

“Yes, you see this little boy says, ‘I love to pray to Jesus for others and myself.’ Ah! I see another hand up. Well, what is your definition of a new heart?”

“It is a working heart.”

“Very good. This boy, too, must have had a working heart; you see he did all he could to get others to follow Jesus, the ‘Guide to heaven.’ Are there any more answers?”

“A Bible-loving heart.”

“Very good. If a Bible-loving heart

is a new heart, then this boy in Brooklyn must have had a new heart, for you see he says,—

“I love to read my *Bible* now, and before I found Jesus, I never thought of it, except when I was in sabbath-school.”

“Are there any other answers?”

“A new heart,” said a little girl, “is a *happy* heart.”

“Oh, how true, none of us can be really happy, till we find Jesus and get a new heart; and we shall all find it to be truly a ‘happy heart.’ And this is another evidence that this boy had a new heart; for he says, ‘I was so *happy* I could not help singing.’ Let us count up some of these evidences

of a new heart; we will place them like gold rings upon our fingers. Here, then, is the first on the left little finger. What was it?"

Several answer, —

"A singing heart."

"What next?"

"A praying heart."

"Yes, and what was the name of the 'gold ring' for the third finger?"

"A working heart."

"The fourth?"

"A Bible-loving heart."

"And what for the next?"

"A happy heart."

"Yes, and I see numbers here to-day, whose happy faces seem to show, that they have this new, singing, pray-

ing, Bible-loving, working, happy heart. Some of you, who, only a few days ago, were weeping to think how your sins helped to nail the hands of the dear Jesus to the cruel cross, I saw at work yesterday in the children's inquiry-meeting, and by your words and prayers trying to lead others to trust in the dear Jesus. I am glad some of you seem to have the 'working heart.'"

I pray that the sight of these many happy faces may pierce some older hard hearts here to-day, and lead them to trust in Jesus, as their Saviour and Guide. I have in my pocket, a letter from a lady in Hamilton, in Canada, who was first startled to think of her

lost condition by having a friend say to her at one of the children's meetings, —

“How happy these children seem! It makes me happy to look at them.”

It led her to ask the question, —

“Am I happy? No! I have all that this world can give; but I am not happy.”

In a few days she was among the happy young converts, and was “able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth and length and depth and height, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge.” (Eph. iii., 18, 19.)

Now, my dear little friends, do you want this *new heart*? The moment

you believe in Jesus, he will give it to you. Let us all turn to Ezekiel, xxxvi., 26. Here it says, "A new heart, also, will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh." Jesus will not lead you one step towards heaven till you come to him and get rid of that hard, stony heart. While many have felt happy here to-day and joined heartily in singing these sweet hymns, I have noticed, that numbers were at times in tears. I believe that the Holy Spirit has been showing some of you, that you are *lost*, and that you have wicked, hard hearts. And what I am afraid of

is, that you will be satisfied with trying to get a *better* heart instead of coming at once to Jesus for a *new* heart. You see the promise in this verse is not for a *better* heart, but for a *new* heart."

A gentleman once bought a valuable gold watch; but it did not keep time. He did not know by it when to go home to his dinner; he thus sometimes lost his meals. He took it back to the watchmaker. He looked at it with his magnifying glass, and tried to find what the matter was; but it was all in vain. He said to the gentleman,—

"It is a perfect watch, and must keep time."

He took it home; tried it again, with

no better success. He went back with it, quite angry, saying,—

“I will not have it! I don't care if it is full of jewels, it will not keep time, and that is what I want of a watch.”

The watchmaker applied a magnet, and found that one of the wheels was magnetized. Did he place it on his little anvil, and try to make it better? No; he took it *out* and threw it away, and put a *new* wheel in its place, and then the watch kept good time. And that is just what you must ask God to do for you, and he will, for Jesus' sake, take away that bad wheel in your hearts and give you a new wheel — a new heart — that will regulate all your actions by motives, which you have never

known before. You will then love the dear Jesus and delight to follow him as your "Guide to heaven."

This is the way to get those five gold rings, and this will make you rich in time and eternity. In the thirty-seventh verse in this same chapter in Ezekiel, it tells how to get that new heart, "Thus saith the Lord God, I will yet for this be inquired of." Yes, if you ask, you will get all your sins forgiven, and a *new* heart, so that you will then hate sin. You see, my dear children, I have been trying to show those of you who are not Christians, that you are *lost* in the dark ways of *sin*; and I have told you how others found the way to Jesus, "the Guide

to heaven," and how when they trusted in the Saviour, they had a new heart given them, and were made happy and were sure of being led all the way to his blissful presence above. And I have tried to tell you how you could get this new heart and be led by Jesus up the shining path, singing as you go, —

“ Around the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand —
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band.

Shall we rise and sing these verses?
(All join.)

“ In flowing robes of spotless white,
See every one arrayed ;
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade.

“What brought them to that world above —
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy and love?
How came those children there?

“Because the Saviour shed his blood
To wash away their sin ;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean !

“On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved his name ;
So now, they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory be to God on high.”

You love to sing these sweet hymns and hear the stories. But who of these fifteen hundred children who come here day after day, really love Jesus? Like this boy whose letter we read, you may think you do; but you may be mistaken, as was he at first. Do you give the same evidence of having a

new heart? I have been trying to show you how easy it is to come to Jesus and be saved. But oh! it was not such an easy thing for Jesus to suffer for us, that he might save us from our sins, and guide us to heaven. Let us open our Bibles, and spend a few moments in following the steps of our dear Saviour from the Garden of Gethsemane to the cross of Calvary. In Luke xxii., 42, 44, we hear him saying, "Father if thou be willing, remove this cup from me:" "and being in an agony he prayed more earnestly: and his sweat was, as it were, great drops of blood falling down to the ground." The thought of being treated as a sinner, and having his Father turn

his face away from him, made the bloody sweat pour down his brows. But O dear children, he saw that there was no other way for us to be saved, and he loved us so much that he was willing to die for us, and so, in Matt. xxvi., 42, we hear him saying, "Thy will be done."

Let us read on in this twenty-second chapter of Luke, forty-fifth verse. "And when he rose up from prayer, and was come to his disciples, he found them sleeping for sorrow, and said unto them, "Why sleep you? rise and pray, lest ye enter into temptation. And while he yet spake, behold a multitude and he that was called Judas, one of the twelve, went before them,

and drew near unto Jesus, to kiss him. But Jesus said unto him, Judas, betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss?" We learn from the twelfth and thirteenth verses of the eighteenth chapter of John, that "the captain and officers of the Jews took Jesus and bound him, and led him away to Annas first." In the fifty-fourth verse, we see him again taken and led to Caiaphas the high-priest's house. And we see, at the sixty-third verse, how cruelly they treated the Son of God, who made all things: "And the men that held Jesus mocked him and smote him. And when they had blindfolded him, they struck him on the face, and asked him, saying, Prophecy, who is it that smote thee?" In

Mark xiv., 65, it says, "Some began to spit on him, and buffet him," — that is, they struck him with the clenched fist, — "and the servants did strike him with the palms of their hand." Oh, how wonderful, that he should have borne all so meekly and willingly for you and me! And what hard hearts we have had not to love him in return! But this was not all. Let us read on. In the first verse of the twenty-third chapter of Luke, "And the whole multitude of them arose, and led Him unto Pilate, and they began to accuse Him." Fourth verse, "Then said Pilate to the chief priests and to the people, I find no fault in Him. And they were the more fierce." Oh! how like

ravening wolves they thirsted for his blood, saying, "He stirreth up the people throughout all Jewry, beginning from Galilee to this place." When Pilate heard that he "belonged unto Herod's jurisdiction he sent Him to Herod." And now, in the eleventh verse, we see, that after a mock trial, "Herod with, his men of war, set Him at nought and mocked Him, and arrayed Him in a gorgeous robe, and sent Him again to Pilate." In John xix., we see how this wicked Roman officer treated the Son of God. "Then Pilate took Jesus and scourged him," — with a great whip caused him to be lashed, till, no doubt, big drops of blood ran down his back. Second verse, "And the soldiers plat-

ted a crown of thorns and put it on his head, and they put on him a purple robe, and said, Hail, King of the Jews! and they smote him with their hands. Pilate, therefore, went forth again, and saith unto them, Behold, I bring him forth to you, that you may know that I find no fault in him."

No, my dear children, if Pilate could have justly found any fault in Him, he could never have been our Guide to heaven. He never did one wrong thing in all His life. Yes, He who knew no sin was made sin for us. "Then came Jesus forth, wearing the crown of thorns and the purple robe." "The crown-jewels which encircled Queen Victoria's brow, are guarded by

wakeful eyes," day and night, in the great Tower of London. They cost millions of dollars. Crowds daily flock to see them. But Jesus, the King of kings, wore this cruel crown of thorns that you and I, rebels against God, might wear a crown of glory. Sixth verse: "When the chief priests therefore and officers saw him, they cried out, saying, Crucify him, crucify him." Sixteenth verse: "And they took Jesus and led him away. And he, bearing his cross, went forth into a place called the place of a skull, which is called in the Hebrew Golgotha, 'Where they crucified Him.' "

They laid the cross down upon the ground and then took some nails, and

drove them through his hands and feet. Hark! can you not almost hear the hammer as it drives those rusty spikes through his sensitive hands? Legions of angels are waiting to deliver him, and are able to destroy those wicked men. But no; the Son of God is being "wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities; "for only by his stripes can we be healed. In agony of soul more than of body, he cries, "My God why hast thou forsaken me!" He was forsaken for our sake.

" When He from His lofty throne
Stooped to do and die,
Everything was fully done.
Hearken to His cry, —

“ ‘It is finished.’ Yes indeed—
Finished every jot!
Children, this is all you need;
Tell me, is it not?”

And the words of Jesus to you, are (Isa. xlv., 22): “Look unto me, and be ye saved.” God’s word to young and old here this afternoon, is, “Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world” (John i., 29). Will you repeat it aloud with me? “Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world.” Those of you who are weeping to think that your sins helped to nail the Saviour to the cross, may, if you will “believe in the Lord Jesus Christ,” unite with the rest in singing those sweet words.

“Behold, behold the Lamb of God
On the cross, on the cross !
For you he shed his precious blood
On the cross, on the cross.
Now hear his all-important cry,
‘Eloi la ma sabacthani ;’
Draw near and see your Saviour die
On the cross, on the cross.

“Where'er I go, I'll tell the story
Of the cross, of the cross ;
In nothing else my soul shall glory
Save the cross, save the cross.
Yes, this my constant theme shall be,
Through time and in eternity,
That Jesus suffered death for me
On the cross, on the cross.”

It seems so strange to me, that when Jesus has done so much for us, there should be any here who do not love him. I remember once finding an anxious little girl among the inquirers in Dundee, in Scotland, where the

holy Robert McChayne was so dearly loved by the children, and she told me her heart was so wicked she could not love the Saviour. She seemed to feel her sins to be very great, but declared she could not love Jesus. As she appeared to have learned that she needed an entire "new heart," and not a "better heart," I began to tell her more about what Christ had done for lost sinners. In a few moments she looked up with a happy smile, saying, —

"I can't help loving Him. Oh, I wonder I never loved him before, when he loved me so much as to be willing to suffer punishment and death for me."

Why, if an earthly friend had done

half as much for you as has this one, who so "well deserves the name of Friend," I am sure you would not be so ungrateful, as not to love him in return.

Mr. R. G. Pardee, told me a week or two since, how a lady of New York was led to love the Lord Jesus, when she was only six years of age. One day her father brought home a big whip-cord, and quietly sat down and began to tie great ugly knots in it. The little daughter came trotting up to him and asked, —

"What are you doing, papa?"

"You will know soon enough, my darling," was his serious answer, as he continued tying the knots.

A few days after, he got the whip-cord again, and began to tie some more knots in it. Again the little creature ran up to him and asked,—

“What are you doing that for, papa?”

“You will know soon enough,” was his only answer.

Little Emma, in a few days, had disobeyed her father and done something very wrong. He called her to him, and after he had tied her hands, he brought out the great whip-cord, and made as though he was about to whip her with it. The little thing began to cry aloud,—

“O father, it will kill me! it will kill me! don't, papa, it will kill me!”

“Did you not do wrong?” he asked.

“Yes,” she said.

“And do you not deserve to be punished?”

“Yes; but, O papa, the big whipcord will kill me!”

“Lucy is a larger girl; how would you feel towards your sister if she would be punished for you?” replied the father.

“O papa, I would *love her just as long as I live!*”

After the child was untied, her father told the story which I have read to you to-day,—how our Saviour was scourged, and how he shed his blood that her sins might all be washed away; and asked her how she felt towards Jesus then.

“O papa!” said she, “I will love him just as long as I live.”

They then knelt in prayer, and ever since she has loved the Saviour. For years she has been a devoted Christian in New York City, trying to get little children of only six summers to love Him who, when on earth, said, “Suffer little children to come unto me.”

And how do *you* feel towards Jesus, dear children, now that you have heard from God’s own holy word how Jesus loved you and gave himself for you? Are not some of you ready to say, “Oh, I will love him just as long as I live!”

A Russian nobleman, with his family, was being rapidly drawn across the snowy plains by four fleet horses, driven

by a serf or slave. They wished to get to the next hotel before stopping for the night. Darkness came on, and soon the howlings of the hungry wolves were heard. The swift horses bounded away over the smooth, frozen snow, but the still swifter wolves drew nearer at every step. The serf sprang from the box, and cut loose one of the horses. The wolves as they came up, soon tore him limb from limb; but this did not satisfy the ravenous creatures. On, on, they fly! nearer and nearer — and another horse is cut loose. This, too, only detained them for a short time. And now they have only two horses left; they cannot spare any more; the dear children cry aloud; but still the

hungry wolves come howling nearer. If they could only contrive some way to keep them back for a little time, they might reach the next stopping-place, which is now in sight. The serf sees what is needed, and turning to his master says, —

“I love you, and am willing to die to save you; take the reins, and I will throw myself in among the wolves, and when they have destroyed me, you will be in a place of safety.”

No time was to be lost. In a moment these fierce creatures, with open mouths, were at the side of the sledge ready to spring upon the parents and children. The serf threw himself in among them. They all left the chase

and sprang upon him, and soon nothing was left but locks of hair and a few bones. In a short time the nobleman and family were at the hotel in safety; and what do you think they did the next morning? Did they drive on forgetful of him who died to save them? What would the little children have said, if their father and mother had wished to do so? Can you not almost hear them say, "Let us go back and see where the cruel wolves killed our poor friend last night." Yes; and you can see them all there gathering up the fragments of his body. How carefully they preserve them, and how freely they all contribute to erect a monument to his memory! And, dur-



It is recorded that upon the monument erected to the memory of this noble serf were inscribed the words of Scripture, "GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN THAN THIS THAT A MAN LAY DOWN HIS LIFE FOR HIS FRIENDS;" "BUT GOD COMMENDETH HIS LOVE TOWARDS US IN THAT WHILE WE WERE YET SINNERS CHRIST DIED FOR US."



ing the summer months, you'll often see them around that monument, speaking kindly and tenderly of him who so nobly rescued them from the jaws of death. What would you have said if those boys had spoken lightly of that act, and been ashamed to have it known that their life was saved by one of such humble station? You see how mean and ungrateful this would have been. Had these children acted thus, you would have despised them, and said they deserved to be torn in pieces themselves by the wolves.

But, O my dear children, who threw himself in among worse wolves for your sake? Did you not a little while ago, hear their fierce, howling cry,

“Crucify him, crucify him”? It was to save you from a more dreadful death, that he gave himself up to such cruelties. Do you not now see how much it cost him to become “the child’s Guide to heaven”? And yet there are some here to-day who do not love him at all. You hate him; you speak lightly of him; you profane his name; you are ashamed of him. Perhaps yesterday you were unwilling your own dear mother should know you wanted to find the way to heaven. You have heard often how he loved you, and yet you have never loved in return. Does not this show that you have wicked hearts? But weeping will not save you. All that you can do

is to confess all this — confess that you have been very wicked in not loving him at all, when he has loved you so much. Here is a precious promise for you in 1 John i., 9: “If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.”

Will you not say, —

“ Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come !

“ Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come !”

Yes, the dear Jesus is here, full of love ; he sees your tears ; he sees you

wandering in the dark labyrinth of sin; he hears all your sighs; his tender, loving words are, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi., 28). How can you reject him when he so gently knocks at the door of your heart? Will you not heed these sweet words, which so many dear children in Scotland have often sung to the tune "Happy Land," when hundreds of their little mates were weeping with the heavy burden of sin crushing their little hearts?

"Oh! come to Jesus now,
Jesus is here;
All near him lowly bow,
Jesus is here.

Too many go away,
Too many still delay,
Though Jesus bids them stay,
Jesus is here.

“ Oh ! come this place within,
Jesus is here ;
He sees you full of sin,
Jesus is here.

He knows you why you come,
Poor, wretched, and undone,
Seeking him, and him alone,
Jesus is here.

“ Come, then, to Jesus now,
Jesus is here ;
All low before him bow,
Jesus is here.

O ye that feel your sin,
And coming long have been,
Now find your rest in him,
Jesus is here.

Shall we then “just now” bow our
heads in prayer, and “come to Jesus”?
Will you repeat after me these words?

(All bowed their heads, and in a subdued tone, repeated aloud after Mr. Hammond, one by one, these sentences of prayer.)

“Dear Jesus, we come to thee with all our sins.” “We have been very wicked.” “We have told lies and disobeyed our parents and done many wicked things.” “We have walked in the dark ways of sin too long.” “We have not loved the Holy Bible.” “But, O dear Jesus, worst of all we have not loved thee.” “We have often rejected thee.” “Our sins helped to crucify thee.” “And yet thou wast willing to die for us.” “Thou wast ‘wounded for our transgressions.’” “Thou art able to save unto the ut-

termost." "Thou hast said, O God! that if we confess our sins, thou art faithful, for Jesus' sake, to forgive us." "O God! we do confess our sins." "We repent of them." "We wish to forsake them." "Holy Spirit, help us to be sorry for our sins, and to believe in the Lord Jesus, who died on the cross for sinners like us." "Dear Jesus, show us thy love, so that we cannot help loving thee." "Thy blood cleanseth from all sin." "Lord, we believe, help thou our unbelief." "Help each of us to say from the heart, —

“ ‘ Just as I am — poor, wretched, blind, —
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find ;
O Lamb of God, I come ! ’ ”

“Yes, dear Lamb of God, we give ourselves away to thee; 'tis all that we can do.” “O Lord, bless our parents.” “Pour out thy Holy Spirit upon them.” “If they have not yet found peace in Jesus, show them their need of him.” “Help them to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, that they may be saved.” “Strengthen our dear ministers and our sabbath-school teachers.” “Reward them for their faithfulness to us.” “May we all, at last, meet around the throne of God in heaven.” “For Jesus Christ's sake. Amen!”

We shall now close by singing “Jesus paid it all.” And those who cannot remain to our precious inquiry-meeting, can retire. I am sure

these dear Christians will love to speak and pray with the weeping children. And the little ones who feel they are in the fold will try and get others to come to Jesus, "the child's Guide to heaven."

" Nothing, either great or small,
Remains for me to do ;
Jesus died and paid it all, —
All the debt I owe.

Chorus. — Jesus paid it all, —
All the debt I owe,
And nothing, either great or small,
Remains for me to do.

" When he from his lofty throne
Stooped to do and die,
Everything was fully done,
'Tis finished,' was his cry.

Cho. — Jesus paid it all, etc.

" Weary, working, plodding one,
Wherefore toil you so ?

Cease your 'doing,' all was done

Long, long ago.

Cho. — Jesus paid it all, etc.

“Till to Jesus' work you cling,

By a simple faith,

'Doing' is a deadly thing,

'Doing' ends in death.

Cho. — Jesus paid it all, etc.

“Cast your deadly 'doing' down,

Down at Jesus' feet ;

Stand in him, in him alone,

Glorious and complete.

Cho. — Jesus paid it all, etc.”

APPENDIX.

From the Sunday-School Times.

A PLEASANT REUNION.

ON Sunday, Oct. 4th, the Rev. E. P. Hammond revisited Rochester, N. Y., the scene of his labors in the early spring. He was greeted with a warm welcome by the children and youth who thronged to hear him. He addressed them in the Central Presbyterian Church in the afternoon, and at the Brick Church in the evening.

On the occasion of the reunion he gave to the children the following new hymn, with the note accompanying it.

“MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS IN ROCHESTER, —

“You all remember that when many of you last spring were anxious to know what you should do to be saved, we used to love to sing that sweet hymn, ‘Jesus Paid it All.’

“I rejoice to learn that so many of you still give pleasing evidence to your dear teachers and pastors that you did, by the help of the Holy Spirit, ‘cast your deadly doing down at Jesus’ feet.’ Such of you will, I am sure, understand and join heartily in singing the following verses, which I have recently composed for you. May the Lord assist each of you who trust you have

your sins forgiven for Jesus' sake, to be
'doing something for him all the way to
heaven.'

"With much love and many prayers,

"Your affectionate friend,

"E. P. H.

"Vernon, Conn., Sept. 1863.

"RESPONSE TO 'JESUS PAID IT ALL.'

"I've cast my deadly doing down,

Down at Jesus' feet ;

I stand in him, in him alone,

Glorious and complete.

Chorus. — Jesus paid it all,

All to him I owe,

And something, either great or small,

From love to him I'll do.

"Now to Jesus' work I'll cling,

By a simple faith ;

Doing was a 'deadly' thing,

It would have been my death.

“ Legal works I’ve given o’er,
Jesus is my all ;
Sins that tasted sweet before
Upon my senses pall.

“ Twas for me that Jesus bled
On the cruel tree ;
There he bowed his thorn-clad head,
Oh ! what agony.

“ Twas my sins that nailed him there,
Mine that shed his blood,
Mine that pierced the bleeding side
Of the Son of God.

“ *Now* my life shall all be given
To my risen Lord ;
Doing all the way to heaven
Something in his Word.”

At the Brick Church Mr. H. said that a minister of Rochester had that day told him that, though there had over a hundred from his Sunday-school joined the church

since the awakening, there were still nearly a hundred more, whom the pastor and session believed were converted, who desired to unite themselves with the people of God. The evidence remains, and it is noted in all the churches, of the genuineness of the work here among the children.

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EDITED AND COMPILED BY

EDWARD PAYSON HAMMOND.

IN the Preface to this little Hymn Book Mr. Hammond says: "The first glorious outpouring of the Holy Spirit has been followed by similar scenes to the present day. No features of such a season are more marked than the use which is then made of "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs." These are the indispensable channels of the deep spiritual emotions which the Holy Ghost has brought into existence. There are pent-up feelings which find expression only in the gushing outbursts of praise. The music that requires artistic execution and a cultivated ear to appreciate, is utterly out of place at such times. The want of the day, then, is hymns and tunes born of the heart—of the heart under the inspiration of great religious truths, rather than of mere natural sentiment. Our object has been to collect hymns and tunes of this character.

"This book is sent forth with the earnest prayer that the Holy Spirit may still use these Hymns and Tunes to arrest the attention of the careless, to point the anxious to Jesus, and to assist God's people in offering acceptably the '*sacrifice of praise to Him that loved us, and washed us in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father.*'—Rev. i. 5."

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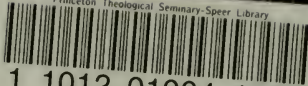








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